Only Love Can Hurt Like This

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Only Love Can Hurt Like This

by 1ntothew1ld

Summary

Will has never been lucky.

He wasn't lucky the day the pediatrician at the clinic told his parents he was an omega, despite what everyone else said. The underpaid and overworked nurse shoving pamphlets into his parents' hands and recommending they find him a place (a school or a benefactor looking to buy a mate).

He wasn't lucky the day he got caught out in the rain walking home from school, despite what he thought when a car slowed to a crawl beside him. A nice enough looking man leaning his way across a shabby honda (years newer than his own parents Junker).

And he wasn't lucky when he met Hannibal Lecter in that shitty row home, despite what he desperately wanted to believe.

The continuation of 'We All Have a Hunger'

Chapter 1

I tell myself you don't mean a thing
And what we got, got no hold on me
But when you're not there I just crumble

WOLF TRAP, VIRGINIA

Will had never been lucky.

He wasn't lucky the day the pediatrician at the clinic told his parents he was an omega, despite what everyone else said. The underpaid and overworked nurse shoving pamphlets into his parents' hands and recommending they find him a place (a school or a benefactor looking to buy a mate).

He wasn't lucky the day he got caught out in the rain walking home from school, despite what he thought when a car slowed to a crawl beside him. A nice enough looking man leaning his way across a shabby honda (years newer than his own parents Junker they used to get into town every other Saturday).

And he wasn't lucky when he met Hannibal Lecter in that shitty rowhome, despite what he desperately wanted to believe.

"I said…" Sutcliffe bit out through gritted teeth, "…that your omega is a whore. That I…"

His words were cut off by Hannibal clipping off the last of the man's remaining fingers, as if that was no problem at all, tsking, "You simply cannot learn, can you?" Will watched, awed as Hannibal gripped the man's jaw, "You will not insult my omega. Now start again, what is it you have to say."

Will licked his lips, the past half hour whittled away while his alpha attempted to extract an apology from the defiant man strapped to the table between them. His alpha, Will's cheeks warmed, and his throat bobbed with emotion, his alpha proven to all by the fresh mark on his neck.

Hannibal's maroon eyes flickered to Will catching the omega already staring back, "What has you looking like that, darling boy? Hmm, what've I done well?"

Will tilted his head and pressed closer leaning over the table, "Anything I want?"

"Of course, my love."

“Fuck me.” And Will watched those eyes darken, Hannibal dropped his sharpened clippers and stalked around the table. The alpha’s hand against his skin, an iron grip under his chin.

Sharp teeth against his ear, “Please, sweet boy, I’d never just fuck you. I’ll mate you. I’ll make love to you hard and fast or low and sweet, but I will never just fuck you.”

He thought that was luck. Meeting Hannibal who talked smarter, dressed better, and acted nicer than anyone had with Will in the past decade but even that hadn’t been luck. His alpha made every day of torture seem like nothing, he washed it away one gentle moment at a time.

But now the omega laying alone in his unmade bed, he knew that hadn’t been luck. His toes curled anxiously, as he heard the soft sound of an approaching motor. There were no houses nearby, no neighbors but maybe he’d get lucky, this time, and they’d turn around.

He picked over the quilt below him, Alana had made him buy sheets, but he was never taught how to make a bed. His mom made his bed up until he was taken and then after that the only times he was allowed sheets, or a pillow was when Chris had his friends over.

Will’s stomach rolled in disgust, the memory of those scratchy thin sheets against his skin. He’d rather sleep on the bare mattress than wake tangled in sheets not knowing where he was. So, he did, his nest consisting of a queen mattress pressed against the wall in the only room without windows in the house, no sheets, or pillows, just a comforter and soft blankets.

Technically, his nest was in an ‘office’ not even counting towards the three-bedroom total in the house. He had wanted a one bed/one bath house on the river but Alana said he’d needed at least two bedrooms so this was second best.

Well, actually he wanted to live in his and Hannibal’s home in Baltimore, but the public was angry at his alpha, and Alana didn’t think that was safe anymore.

So here he sat, in his third-choice house, a room with no windows on the first floor. No one could climb through his window if there were no windows to climb through. It was only big enough to fit his bed and a small tv and it shared the wall nearest to the porch. So, he could hear if anyone approached.

His breath caught now hearing the firm steps making their way up the deck.

He swallowed heavily hoping—again—that the person there would turn around and walk away but there was no such luck.

A firm knock at the door and Will was up.

He knew the drill. If he didn’t answer within one minute, she’d ring the doorbell and he hated that sound. It tolled through his quiet house like a gunshot.

He got to the door just as he saw the woman there raising a hand for the doorbell, pulling the door open.

“Will.” Alana sounded nice enough, the omega didn’t make the habit of looking the alpha in the face. Releasing a small sigh, when his short glance revealed she was alone.

The alpha occasionally brought her omega and their ‘son’—Will knew it wasn’t Alana’s kid—around trying to make him social. Luckily, this wasn’t one of those times. Will didn’t answer just waiting for her next words.

The alpha stepped forward, but Will closed the door more around him, he didn’t want her to come in. She sighed, annoyed already, this wasn’t going to be a good visit, “Will, I need to come in.”

Will had stopped fighting the alpha months ago, her firm alpha commands too much to resist. If not that than her threats were, so he nodded allowing her in. The omega bit his lip watching from the corner of his eye as she looked around, flinching when she opened a window too suddenly.

“It’s Tuesday.” She stated.

His head whipped up, eyes jumping around trying to remember if he had missed an appointment or a meeting, his voice cracking, “D-d-d-did I miss something?”

Her eyes softened, Will had noticed that she liked him more when he was visibly stressed, “No, Will, I just meant it’s Tuesday at noon and you haven’t dressed for the day?” She looked over his too big tee shirt and boxers, “And you look like you’ve lost more weight, you’re too skinny.”

Will rolled his eyes, flinching when he noticed her mouth stiffen, he tried to back track. She was easy to manipulate, as long as he acted meek and submissive, she wouldn’t put up too much of a fight, “I’ve been eating.”

“Yeah?” She questioned, “When I looked in your fridge it was bare.”

Will scurried over to the kitchen and opened the freezer, almost half full of frozen meals. Again, Alana frowned, “Will, you can’t only eat frozen meals.”

“I know.” Will muttered, his nails biting into his palm to stop him from lashing out, “It’s just Hannibal used to—”

She cut him off, that was a sore spot, “Ok, well maybe you could take a cooking class, huh? You have more than just yourself to think of, Will.”

The omega flinched, “She isn’t eating that much yet.”

“No?” Alana’s brow furrowed, and Will suppressed the urge to scream at her as if she had the right to judge him, “She’s almost what? Two years?” Will licked his lips not responding, the alpha knew how old she was, “She not eating anything, yet?”

Will shook his head, pointing at the fruit bowl, “She likes fruit and yogurt.

“Hmmm.” The alpha pursed her lips, “Can I see her?”

He frowned, “She’s sleeping.”

“Will.” Alana paused, he swallowed hard knowing this game. When he finally looked up she rose an eyebrow, “You know as your court appointed conservator I need to see her.”

It took everything in him not to growl, just nodding and walking towards his nest. His back stiff as she followed. When he got to his door, he opened it allowing her to peak in. He knew immediately that that was a mistake, watching her face change as she took in the scene: the mattress on the ground and the soft light emitted from the tv.

“She sleeps with you?”

“She’s my daughter.” Will growled, softly, “And she’s not a little baby anymore. I won’t crush her.”

“It’s still dangerous and a lot of psychologists say it’s not healthy for attachment.” Alana explained, “She needs to learn to self soothe. Maybe Margot and you can have a conversation about this? She had Morgan sleeping alone in his own room after a few weeks.”

Will ground his teeth angrily, not responding until the alpha went to step into the room, “No!” His tone was too desperate and that made his blood boil, he wasn’t weak. He hated having to be this way for her.

Her face softened, he noted yet again how much his desperation pleased her, “I won’t go in but you’ll go get her.”

The alpha command sent a light shock through his body, he rocked forward to follow. In the time he’d been with Hannibal not once did he use his alpha voice on him, but it seemed as though Alana couldn’t even go one conversation without violating his free will.

His knees landed softly against the bed, gently finding the toddler amongst the blankets. The little girl blinked her blue eyes open, stretching and smiling up at him, “Mumma.” Those blue eyes and curls were the only features that reflected him back.

She was her father’s child, with a strong Nordic set of nose and lips. Not to mention her silvery white curls, there was no doubt who her father had been. Who her father was.

“Hey, baby.” He whispered, pulling her into his arms and standing. His daughter pressed her cheek to his shoulder and stilled when she noticed the alpha in the doorway. Mischa hated Alana with a consistent fury not seen in too many toddlers.

“Mumma, noooo.” The girl whined loud enough for Alana to hear and sigh angrily at, Will shooting her a purposefully soft look.

“Hello, Mischa.” Alana followed him back down the hall, “Auntie Alana is so sorry for waking you up from your nap.” The alpha tilted her head as Will sat on the coffee table lowering a less than willing toddler to the ground, “You won’t say hi to me, Mischa?”

“NO!” The little girl spun around to yell before turning back to her mom, raising possessive hands his way. Will was grateful that the little girl was in the seventieth percentile for her

age, a healthy weight and height. The omega dreaded what Alana would do if she was naturally small.

Will picked her up and placed her back in his lap, soothing the pup, “Sorry, baby, it’s ok.”

“Will, I think you need to shower.” The omega froze mid word, shaking his head. He just showered a few days ago and maybe once a week wasn’t often, but it wasn’t bad. Alana did this whenever Mischa acted out, sending Will off to shower or to cook as some ill fated attempt to win over the girl without her mother there.

“Will.” There was that tone again. The omega rocked forward and back, not wanting to beg in front of his daughter.

“Please.” Will whimpered, she liked when he submitted like that, he tried to lie, “I just showered yesterday.”

“Will, I know that’s a lie.” She shook her head, coming forward and grabbing Mischa from his arms, “Come on, take the opportunity while you have someone here to help.”

Will shivered, overwhelmed by his daughter’s crying and the command lingering on the tip of the alpha’s tongue, his lips trembled, “I just don’t want to right now. I promise—”

Cut off again, her tone much firmer now, “Will, go shower.”

He was up, his feet were moving and the nausea rolling down his gut. With his daughter still crying out for him he moved, unwillingly, towards the bathroom. He didn’t like showering with an alpha that wasn’t his mate in the house. He didn’t really like showering at all, having had his fair share of forced showers before Chris’ friends would visit.

Before he could reach the bathroom, tears were flowing down his cheeks, he wanted Hannibal. He had been safe with the alpha. From that first night he had known, from the moment he saw his mate standing over Chris’ body he knew.

He’d be safe with Hannibal, but now he was gone. He flung himself over the toilet vomiting bile and water into the bowl. Hannibal was deemed too insane for trial and placed in The Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, for the rest of his days.

He’d been reckless, him and Will acting out some stupid avenging angel act, tableau after tableau of people too closely related. They’d been caught mere months after their mating and now they both had a lifetime of solitude ahead of them.

So no, Will didn’t count himself lucky. Not at all.

Chapter 2

I tell myself I don't care that much
But I feel like I'm dying 'til I feel your touch

WOLF TRAP, VIRGINIA

Chris' fingers bit into Will's arm, moving to Baltimore had actually been a pretty decent change for once. Rent was cheap so their place was bigger than the shitty one bedroom in Raleigh. It wasn't the nicest neighborhood, but Chris was slimy enough to fit in anywhere with rent this cheap.

"I told you…" Chris slurred, dragging him upstairs, "I told you no teeth!"

Will hadn't used teeth, that stupid doctor was just mad, and he lied. The alpha threw Will through the door and into his 'room', more so just a dirty old mattress than anything else.

It had taken Will too long to learn that silence was better than excuses. That silence got him short lived angry rants and a few shorter beatings. Excuses got him scars, days of fearing he may never walk again. So, he just scurried back until his back hit the mattress.

Chris wobbled closer; he'd been drinking when Donald arrived—not that the man ever gave Will his name. That was one thing about the stupid doctor, he never pretended to be something he wasn't.

Those cold black eyes leaving nothing to hide—he was a monster. A monster with a wife, if that perfume and that beta female smell had anything to say about it. A monster who introduced Chris to a whole slew of rich assholes, that'd never had a chance with an omega. A few introduced themselves like they were on a date but that certainly didn't stop them from using Will until he cried.

Chris hadn't stopped drinking even in the time it took Will to suck the stupid doctor off. His knees stiff and his throat hurt, as he glanced up at that dark eyed alpha, "Come with me?"

"What?" Will huffed, his throat so raw from the man's unsympathetic pace.

"Come with me?" The doctor repeated, something so cold and hard in that tone. It promised a life of pain, a life of suffering and this stupid doctor thought he was dumb enough to think that'd be better than this.

Will shook his head, the alpha's slap wasn't expected, turning his cheek with the impact. Hands caught himself against the floor, before a tight grip pulled Will upright, "You're gonna regret denying me, whore."

Will woke suddenly to the sound of steps on his porch, his heart pumping in his chest. Alana had just been here yesterday, there was no reason for her to be here again so soon. The clacking of heels could only be hers though, and she was not alone. A second set of heavier steps accompanied hers.

Will's thoughts raced through his head, as he scrambled to dress himself even slightly presentably. A loose pair of jeans and a button up plaid shirt all he could manage before the first knock. The omega shushed Mischa as he left the room, pleading internally that she'd fall back to sleep.

What if yesterday had been the last straw? What if she was coming to take Mischa away? He wouldn't let that happen. He'd rather they both be dead than allow her to fall into the hands of CPS or god forbid Alana's own care.

And the alpha would do that, wouldn't she? She'd taken Will's mate and his free will, so why not take the only thing good in this world, too. The only good thing Will had ever made or done. Why wouldn't she take that too?

He whipped the door open and took a quick step back, Alana was there and so was Jack. The alpha who broke into their mating nest and pulled a naked Hannibal from his grasp. The same alpha who didn't notice Will cowering in the corner of their bed, blood pooling where Hannibal had reopened their bonding site less than an hour before.

"Uhh sir?" Spoke one of the many people dressed in all black, holding guns pointed directly at Will's mate.

"What?" The big alpha asked annoyed, eyes following the direction to Will himself. Something like horror washed over the alpha's face as he took in the omega naked and bleeding, "Get him out of here."

"Hannibal…" Will squeaked, tilting forward to see Hannibal lifted to a standing position, pulled from the room.

He hadn't known it then but that was the last time he'd see Hannibal. The devil works quick, but Alana worked quicker, petitioning the court to get Will under her conservatorship. She refused to let Will see him, even when he begged and cried. Even when the defense or the persecution called for him.

Even when Will found out he was pregnant, so needy and scared for his mate. She told the court that it'd put Will in danger if Hannibal knew about the child. His own child. So, he didn't go to the trial, and he couldn't visit his alpha.

Something like dread filled his stomach, glancing between the two in front of him, "Is something wrong?"

“Of course not, Will.” Alana smiled stepping around Will and into the house, Jack following suit, brushing him on his way through, “Why would something be wrong?” Will shrugged, pressing his cheek into his shoulder to steady his breath and hide his neck. He could feel Jack’s eyes on the spot where Hannibal had made him his own, Alana huffed in annoyance when she realized the omega’s attention wasn’t on her, “Will, you could be such a good omega, hmmm? You’re gentle and kind, but when you’re rude it’s a turn off.”

Will blinked heavily quieting the raging voice in his head, telling him to sink his teeth into her throat and pull out her pulse. Something wild and untamable in that dark place in his head, he forced himself to nod his understanding at her.

She looked Will up and down before turning back to Jack, “See, this is what I’m talking about.”Will met Jack’s gaze for a second but that was all he needed. The alpha pitied him and worried about him, but above all else he coveted him. He wanted Will so bad, even smelling the chemo and the nearing death of his wife on the alpha, didn’t stop his want.

Fortunately, even now with Hannibal deemed insane, he was still considered that alpha’s property, so Alana couldn’t legally marry him off. He suspected that she would given the chance, maybe even to Jack. Or perhaps she’d keep him herself, Jack’s gaze unwavering on the omega, “I see. Maybe we could appeal the decision.”

“Decision?” Will whispered, had they been back to court. His eyes skittering between the two alphas before him.

“From the judge.” Jack continued.

“What judge?”

Alana sighed, clearly having no intention of telling Will any of this, “I petitioned the judge in charge of your case to move your mental health care under my jurisdiction, as well.”

Will furrowed his eyebrows, “I thought you recommended Dr. Coppin.”

“Yes, well.” Alana started sharing a knowing look with Jack, as if Will couldn’t see them, “She isn’t doing nearly enough. I would create a more aggressive treatment plan.”

“Aggressive?” Will swallowed heavily, the weekly visits with Dr. Coppin already riled him up enough.

“Oh, don’t pull that face, Will.” She threw over her shoulder, walking towards the kitchen, “I just meant I’d have you interacting more. Perhaps more play dates with Margot.” She said that as if Will and Margot were the children, not Mischa and Morgan.

Will shuddered at the idea, Margot wasn’t the problem perse. The problem was the hold Alana held over her omega, the way Margot lowered her eyes and tightened her hold on Morgan when Alana would come near.

He detested the way the other omega got when he questioned those responses. Maybe, it was just his own experiences projected onto her, but he couldn't help but feel something terrible had happened to Margot. Could it be a coincidence that the only other omega he'd ever met would be so ruined as well?

He'd gone multiple 'playdates' without saying a word but on the day of their final meeting, Margot acted different. She didn't even try to hide her nervous twitching or the way she flinched when a particularly silent jogger surprised her on his run through the park.

So that's when he asked, muttering softly. He asked if she was safe or if she needed help.

She has steeled in an instant, saing *Alana was much better than Morgan's biological father*.

She was Disgusted that he would even ask.

They hadn't spoken since that day, since that moment. She'd stood, yelling down at him, *"Just because you have a psychopathic alpha doesn't mean we all do. Alana protects Morgan and I, and she'd protect you too if you weren't so damn stubborn and brainwashed."*

Will's attention snapped back to the present as Jack's hand rested on the door to his nest, "No!"

The alpha paused narrowing his gaze, "Who's in there."

Will's breath picked up, eyes searching for Alana who watched them both from the kitchen doorway, the word tumbling from his mouth, "Lana…"

The alpha's eyes softened, she could be putty in Will's hands, "It's his nest, Jack."

Jack hummed unconvinced, "I need to look everywhere, Alana."

Will's bottom lip trembled, they wanted to take his baby and they'd do anything to find proof he was a bad mom. So, Will started again, allowing that genuine fear to sink into his tone, "Please, don't take my baby."

"Oh, Will." Alana sighed, her head tilting in pity and actual shock. That's not why she was here. Realization dawning on the omega, Alana wasn't here to take his baby. Which made sense because why would Jack be here unless…

Unless, it had something to do with Hannibal.

Alana's hand landed on Will's arm, "We're just making sure your house is all safe."

Will's eyes lingered on that point where her hand met Will's body, fighting every instinct to shove it off or break her hand. His eyelids fluttering as he glanced at the alpha, "What's wrong, Lana."

The woman liked that look, liked the way Will barely breathed her nickname. Something like lust or want fluttered across her face, she wanted Will. She wanted Will and Margot—a whole harem of rare omegas to herself. Omegas she could control and breed.

“Nothing is wrong, Will.” Alana’s other hand landed on his opposite arm, caging him in a pseudo hug, “Why don’t we go get Mischa, and let Jack look around.”

“My nest.” Will went on, a nervous glance at Jack.

The alpha nodded, looking over Will’s shoulder, “You get upstairs, I’ll get downstairs. Ok?”

Jack grumbled a reply and moved for the stairs, disappearing into the part of the house Will almost never entered, “Is this about…” He knew she hated to hear Hannibal’s name, so Will bit his lip.

“No.” A lie. Too long a pause and too much anxiety in her voice. Will knew she still saw his Alpha; the scent was much more sterile than when they were together, but it lingered on her for days after seeing him. The omega wondered if that was part of the reason she visited so often, almost every other week, to get Will’s scent on her.

Will wondered if in whatever prison his alpha sat right now, he become complaint for Alana because of that scent. He doubted that. But he imagined that Alana carried the scent of Mischa to his alpha as well. He dreamed that Hannibal knew about their child, that his alpha would fight for them to be reunited.

That’s why Will stayed so nearby. He could have gone back to Louisiana, but he had nothing there, well nothing compared to Hannibal. Will’s alpha.

The alpha’s entire estate was placed in Will’s name a while before the arrest, so he had no problem getting what he needed. He didn’t know the total amount, didn’t really want to know. He didn’t care about money, but Alana had hinted that he barely used a drop in the ocean to buy this house and sustain himself on frozen meals and delivery services.

Alana followed him to his nest again watching as he grabbed Mischa, the little girl already up and playing on the ground. She frowned at the female alpha, who entered the room and looked thoroughly around at what little there was to see in there.

Will gritted his teeth, pressing his nose into the little girl’s hair.

“Mumma.” She whined, angrily, “Why?”

“It’s ok, princess.” Alana hushed her, coming to stand too close and placing a hand on his daughters back. Mischa didn’t like being touched and she didn’t like being called princess, she found herself more as the Dragon slaying knight in those magical stories.

The alphas went through every room and looked through all of Will’s belongings before leaving. They refused at every step to tell him what they were looking for, but the omega had a theory. Maybe, Hannibal told Alana he hid something with Will?

Or maybe the alpha told Alana that Will was a very willing participant in all the fun.

No, that couldn't be it. Hannibal wouldn't do that to him and Alana wouldn't still be looking at him like that.

Once the taillights faded from view Will began to look. Considering the omega only left his house on Mondays for his appointment with Dr. Coppin there was a lot of clutter. Junk mail, mostly from the previous owner, and boxes from online delivery services.

Finally, he found it! The cell phone that Alana forced him to get—then immediately implanted a mirroring app and turned on the tracking function. She could see everything he did on that phone and everywhere he went, so he left it to die in this pile of junk.

She could force him to get it, but she couldn't force him to use it.

Another half an hour later he found the charger. Well, Mischa actually found the charger while playing a little game of junk mail snow angels. The floor was covered in paper, but he didn't care. He plugged the damn thing in and waited for it to load up.

Finding one of the lone numbers he dialed it, holding his breath while it rang, "What do you want?"

It was Margot and apparently, she was angry. Will understood. Almost every time they'd been forced together, she had to carry the conversation, that is if Will even bothered to talk at all, "Hey Margot."

"Alana isn't here."

"Well, I wanted to talk to you." Will whispered, he hated the hollow rough sound of his voice.

"I find that hard to believe." The omega on the other side of the phone never did anything bad to Will. If anything, she tolerated him a lot longer than he thought possible before standing her ground with Alana.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

Will gritted his teeth for a long moment, he needed information, "I'm sorry for treating you unfairly, I wasn't raised…"

She scoffed, "Excuses. You were downright rude to me, Will. I've never met another omega before, and I was excited to meet you. I was excited for our kids to meet, and you treated me like a piece of garbage. Not only that—"

"S-s-sorry, I don't mean to interrupt but…" Will thought over his next words carefully, information was the highest form of currency, and the omega was about to sell his most closely kept material, "Did she ever tell you about me?"

"She told me some things." That was a lie. Alana was possessive and controlling, she wouldn't let her omega learn a single bit of this terrible information. She wanted to pretend

that they lived in a good world, but Will got the feeling that Margot knew already just how terrible this world could be.

“I was kidnapped when I was still very young and trafficked for a decade before Hannibal found me.” Will rushed out with it, those were the words the lawyer told him he was writing in Will’s affidavit of the events, “No one ever loved me right, so I don’t know how to be good.” Those were Alana’s words after the first time Margot refused to see him.

He gulped hard before he heard a quiver in Margot’s voice, “I’m sorry, Will. I didn’t know that.”

“It’s—”

He was cut off now, “Don’t say it’s ok. It’s not ok. I’m sorry, I should have known. I know —” Another long paused, “I know how terrible alphas can be. I could have tried harder.”

Will repressed the urge to smile, he got her right where he wanted her, “Look, Margot. I’m scared.”

“Why’re you scared?” The other omega whispered through the phone.

“I’m scared because Lana and some FBI agent came to my house today and searched it like they were looking for something. They wouldn’t tell me why and I’m scared I’m not safe here.” Another lie. It’d be one sorry bastard who tried to break into here. Will was more than adept at killing, at torturing.

“Oh.” Margot paused as if she was weighing what she knew before just letting it all flow out, “Look, Lana doesn’t tell me anything, but she came home on Tuesday—which I think is the day she goes and visits you know…”

“Hannibal?” Will threaded worry into his tone, if sowing deceit was an art, he was the artist.

“Yeah.” Margot’s tone dropped lower, “She was all nervous so maybe he said something to her?” There was a long pause, in which Will realized the other omega knew nothing, “I could ask her.”

“I don’t want to cause any trouble.” Will started, his tone petering off hopefully.

“Don’t worry about it, Will.” The woman was determined, “I’ll be sneaky don’t worry! We’re in this together, from now on, ok?”

Will controlled his need to sigh, hopefully this was worth it, “Ok.”

“I’ll call you tomorrow!”

Something was up and Will had a bad feeling about it. He looked down at the phone in his hand and cursed himself for never learning to use it. Chris wouldn’t allow him within feet of his own but Hannibal had offered. Alana had offered too, but he didn’t want to.

His fingers shook as he looked down at all the little squares across the glossy surface.

At least with Chris they had cable, so he got some news, here he'd intentionally isolated himself. No internet and no cable, only stacks of DVDs for Mischa to watch. After trying out four of the squares he found one that opened to a search bar. Holding his breath, he shakily typed in Hannibal.

Nothing happened, it read 'Safari cannot open the page because your iphone is not connected to the internet'. Will bit his lip and paced nervously for twenty minutes. He finally stopped when he noticed little Mischa rocking back and forward watching her mom with worry in her eyes. Will cursed himself again for clearly fucking his kid up before she even turned two.

Hannibal would know what to do with her. He was a psychiatrist for god's sake! He'd fix her.

With Mischa back in his arms he decided he'd drive into town tomorrow to find some internet and look up Hannibal. Something was up and he was tired of being in the dark, "Mumma?"

"Yeah, Mischa?"

The little girl wiggled like she was nervous, "Mumma, ok?"

"Mumma's ok! I'm just thinking about daddy that all." Will hated the sound of his voice but his little girl needed words. She needed to be spoken to and to be loved. No matter how broken he was he'd be as good as could possibly be for her.

"Daddy come home." It wasn't a question; the little girl was certain. Will smiled and nodded, she could pretend for a little while, right?

Chapter 3

Must have been a deadly kiss
only love can hurt like this

WOLF TRAP, VIRGINIA

He could sense eyes on him before he even felt his body tingle to life. His eye lids fluttering up to catch his alpha looking right back, unabashed, "Good morning, darling."

Will drew a soft breath against Hannibal's chest, nuzzling his collar bone and up his neck. Nose buried so deep in the underside of the alpha's chin. He'd always hated touch. Even as a kid he hated the feeling of hands on his body, not out of repulsion for the sensation but rather for the need it sprang from him.

A hand gentle against his arm, his head, or his back left him needy and reeling. Seeking out that hold so grossly until his mother had to sit him down one day in kindergarten and tell him it wasn't appropriate. It wasn't normal for a kid his age to cling to his teacher like a second mother.

Maybe it wasn't right for a normal kid, but Will was an omega. His biology demanded it and for that reason he hated it. To be such an animal to his wants, it was repulsive—or it grew to be with Chris and his friends.

Hannibal had trained that out of him, though, one gentle touch at a time. The omega's breath still catching in his throat thinking back to that first night. The alpha kneeling in front of Will so gently toweling off his dirty feet. The strong line of his shoulders and the vulnerable nape of his neck so carelessly free.

A formidable alpha.

And to think Will had until that very moment planned to kill the alpha in his sleep, slip off into the night.

But no.

That plan had to be rewritten thrown away.

Want.

A desire burned in Will that he hadn't felt in years. Desire that set his teeth on edge, made him jumpy and angry.

When the third day broke with yet another visit from Alana, Will snarled in frustration. He hadn't seen the alpha this much since he was first forced to move here. Mischa to the same effect began to cry the moment she heard the knock. He shushed her as he walked to the door, flinching when the doorbell rang twice in quick procession.

Will's lip curled in anger; the alpha knew he didn't like the doorbell, but he schooled his face as he pulled the door open.

She didn't play that coy game today pressing through the door and into the house. Pacing for just a short moment before freezing and locking onto Will and Mischa with cold dark eyes.

"Good morning." Will swallowed gruffly holding Mischa just a pinch tighter, as the toddler growled like a small dog.

"It is a mess in here, Will."

Will glanced around to the scattered papers he hadn't bothered to pick up yesterday, shrugging, and gentling his voice. Tilting his head and licking over his bottom lip, "You came here to tell me my house is a mess?"

Alana clenched her fist and snarled once more, "No I came here because you have something to say to me."

It was a statement, Will took a step back, "No."

"No?" The alpha took a single step forward, the eyes of predator narrowed on him, "Then why did you call my home last night? Why is *my* omega asking me so many questions? Why is she questioning my actions, hmmm?"

Margot didn't have a cell phone, so he had to call Alana's land line the night before. Will couldn't imagine the line of questions that could have evoked this reaction, "I wanted to talk to Margot."

"Bullshit." Alana bellowed.

"Lana." Will breathed out softly, resting a hand against the back of Mischa's head.

The alpha's eyes flickered to the little girl before whispering, "Put her down for a nap."

Will shook his head, that wasn't a command, "Maybe you should leave…"

Alana shook her head laughing coldly, "Go put her down for a nap, Will."

He rocked forward, moving to put Mischa into their bedroom, "Mischa, baby?"

"Yeah, mumma." The girl was so fearless, even now as Will's hands shook with anger and fear. The fear woke that animal instinct that sent anger coursing through his veins. He hated being afraid.

“Remember the password? Huh? Can you hide for mumma?” Will pointed to the closet and the little girl pouted her lip but nodded bravely.

When Will reentered the living room, Alana was already back on him, “I don’t want you talking to Margot, understand?”

“I thought you wanted me to have omega friends?” Will tried to play soft but something in him was too scared to pretend. So, he stared at the ground hoping she’d confuse that for submission.

“I don’t know what you told my omega yesterday, but she’s never acted up before…” Alana shook with anger, “…then this morning she’s asking why I’m allowing the FBI to harass you and why I allow for you to live out here all alone. She is asking why I didn’t force you and her to make up! She thinks I’m fucking you. Did you tell her that?”

Will flinched in surprise, how did she make that conclusion? It was genius, though, he honestly didn’t know why he hadn’t thought of that sooner. If he could leverage Margot just right than maybe these biweekly visits could turn into monthly visits.

In the time it took for Will to think through this idea Alana stepped closer closing her hand around Will’s wrist, “Will, I swear…”

The omega pulled away, twisting his wrist just right and pushing the alpha just a few inches back. Her lips fell open in surprise, “Don’t. Touch. Me.” Will pulled his arms in tighter, balling his fists as he put space between them.

Alana cooled in just an instant, staring at Will’s fingers now encircling his own wrist where she’d just applied too much pressure, “I’m sorry, Will.”

“No, you’re not.” Will kept his eyes firmly on the alpha’s shoes, his voice barely a whisper. She wasn’t sorry. She didn’t even know the meaning of the word. She could twist, mold every situation to justify her actions. He’d seen her do it.

He shook his head once more, holding his eyes closed for a moment too long. He couldn’t risk looking her in the eyes because he knew exactly what she’d glimpse: a monster.

“Of course, I am.” Alana moved closer slowly, stopping abruptly when Will flinched further away, “I shouldn’t have lost my temper like that. Margot is just a soft spot for me, and I didn’t like her digging around in all of this.”

“Maybe, she’s right?”

“Right?” The alpha could barely hear him, “Right about what?”

“The nature of our relationship.” Will murmured, “Maybe you’ve gotten too close…”

“You know for a fact that I have not crossed any boundaries that your behavior did not require me to cross.”

Will sucked in a breath as if that had been a physical blow, “I can think of a few.”

“What?” There must have been something dark in his gaze because Alana quickly stepped back, her Louboutin kitten heel catching on a lose piece of paper. The alpha landed hard on her butt, as Will stepped closer.

“I said,” Will’s voice shook crouching down before her, something like nervousness creating a sandpaper like effect to his throat, “I can think of few boundaries you’ve crossed inappropriately.”

The alpha licked her lips, even now sitting on the floor she made no indication she was aware of Will’s deadly potential, “I had to do that for your own good, Will! The state you were in with your heat—”

Like a bucket of cold water, Will wheeled back panic rising in his throat. He hadn’t meant that. He didn’t want to talk about that, “No, no, no…”

A flash of confusion spread across the alpha’s face, and she tried to close in on the panicking omega. Will gripped at his hair, shaking his head forcing any image, any memory to fill his head but that one…

Alana’s hand on his arm sent him flailing, until his back hit the wall, “GET OUT!”

“I’m sorry.” Alana rushed out, “I’m sorry.”

“GET. OUT.” He hated the sound of his voice, so weak and feeble, “Get out of my house!”

“Will, please calm down.” The alpha was too close, her scent permeated the room, and it caused Will’s empty stomach to churn. His brain felt hazy, as his breath began to slow. He felt calm.

“If you don’t leave, I’ll…”

“What? You’ll do what?” Alana tilted her head softly.

“I will kill you.” Will’s voice drained of emotion, his shoulders straightening as he sauntered forward, “I’ll kill you but first you’ll suffer. I’ll fucking tear you apart piece by piece until there’s nothing left, Alana.”

“Will!” Alana stumbled back shocked; every step she took backward brought her closer to the door, “Will, you don’t mean that.”

“I do.” Will smirked when Alana flinched as he reached around her to open the door, forcing her through, “I mean it. Don’t come back.”

Will’s eyes whipped open, his ears narrowing in on the sound of steps a story above him. Someone was in his house. Someone was creeping, albeit quietly, around what should be the master bedroom.

Silently, the predator in Will flipped back on as he stood. He's spent nearly the rest of the day, lying in bed trying to force back whatever beast Alana had drawn out of him this morning. Shaky and sick, after his cold dark gaze didn't falter when he found Mischa hiding in the closet.

Now it was back, he had already mapped every spot on the floor that made a sound and he knew how to open his bedroom door without even a woosh of air. He found the knife, nothing special, that he hid in closet of his bedroom. His eyes finding Mischa still asleep in their nest before taking the first steps out of the room.

Something like excitement clouded his mind, it'd been months since his last kill, and he needed this. He needed this after today.

After Alana.

His mind quickly working through a believable amount of mutilation for self-defense. Perhaps if he slammed his head against a wall, he could claim dissociation? He'd been concussed and blacked out. He couldn't be held responsible for his instinct to protect.

With the nearly inaudible click of the door, he found himself in the hallway. His back was turned to the fathomless darkness behind him when he felt it. There was no real warning, perhaps a slight change in the barometric pressure of the hallway before a chest was pressing against his back pinning him to the wall.

A low howl of fear left his throat before a hand gripped his wrist too tightly, pinning it above his head. The other hand grabbing the knife out of his hold in an instant. Disarmed and pinned in just a moment, Will panicked. Deep and petrifying he didn't know what sounds he let out as he struggled against that tight hold.

Then lips, hot breath pressed to his ear, and everything stilled, "Sorry, sweet boy, but I couldn't have you gutting me just yet."

The fight left his bones as his free hand reached fruitlessly behind him, towards his alpha. It seemed the alpha assessed Will was no longer a hazard, turning him until his back now pressed against the wall. Even in the dark barely moonlit hallway, Will tried to take him in.

His hands gripping up and over Hannibal's face, uncaring if those touches were gentle, he needed to know this was real, "Hannibal?"

"Yes, darling." The alpha murmured barely a sound against the omega's ear. A gentle but firm touch across his cheek, over his nose, against the bow of his lip, "Darling boy, I must apologize for my trespass."

"Trespass?" Will's breath stumbled out of his mouth unevenly.

"I promised you'd never be lonely a moment in your life, and I've broken that over and over again. 969 days. 23,000 hours—"

Will couldn't shake his head fast enough, gripping the alphas face and pulling him down to meet his own lips, "Shut. Up."

Hannibal ginned, a sharp dangerous thing and then they kissed, soul stealing and deep. They kissed and they kissed until Will couldn't breathe and didn't stop until he was lightheaded. The alpha's strong left hand laced in his and his right gripped tightly at the omega's nape. Their lips slotted together as though that morning in which Hannibal was ripped from their mating nest was only a day, not years before.

When Hannibal finally pulled away, Will chased the feeling. Looking at his alpha searchingly, while the other man looked away. It took Will too long to realize Hannibal was listening, head tilted mouth tight, "Who else is in this house?"

Will sniffled shaking his head confused but then he heard it as well. Footsteps within his bedroom. The omega knew in an instant they belonged to Misha, uneven and quick. His little girl didn't like waking up alone.

Misha.

Hannibal's daughter just behind a single door, the closest the man had been to his own child in a lifetime.

Will grinned and Hannibal huffed eyes searching Will's face with a nonplussed look, the alpha's hand tightened in Will's hair, "Who is in this house, sweet boy." Will vaguely realized the alpha was mad, tilting his head searchingly unsure how to respond, Hannibal brought his lips back to hollow below the omega's neck, "You are mine, Will, until the day you die no matter who lies behind that door."

Will giggled, actually laughed out loud, the alpha who could sense a drop of blood across the room couldn't tell those steps belonged to a child. He thought Will had moved on? Taken another lover? Will would never betray Hannibal in that way, not by his own choice.

Hannibal pulled back, angrily looking over Will's face, eyes still crinkled with laughter. A disbelieving smile strewn across the omega's face.

The door swung open, slowly, Hannibal tightening his hold on Will and tensing for attack. Will watched the alpha's face transform, shock painting his features. There before them an angry toddler gripped the door handle at the level of her head.

Her tired eyes narrowed on the two and the alpha's hand loosened, so he shrunk out from under his alpha's hold, "Mumma?"

"It's ok, baby." Will crouched, his voice raw from moments before, the omega turned taking in Hannibal's confused expression before nuzzling the child's blonde hair, "Daddy's home."

"Daddy?" Hannibal croaked out, falling to his knees before Will and their child. The alpha cocked his head, sniffing the air as he took in the child still glaring at him. Will worried over his bottom lip, did the alpha not believe she was his? She didn't smell like him as they weren't allowed the time after birth where an alpha would claim their children through

scenting. She didn't seem to like him very much, either, if that glare had anything to say about it.

"S-s-s-she looks just like you…" Will hurried out, tilting the toddler in his arms and continuing, "…she has your hair and your nose and your lips…" The omega rushed on even as Hannibal finally pulled his eyes off the child, "…and she certainly has your temper."

The alpha shook his head, "Will…"

Nausea began to build in Will's stomach, panic in his chest because if Hannibal denied her then he didn't know what'd he do. If he had to choose between his alpha and his daughter?

Mischa, of course, he tried to reason. He'd picked Mischa, "She's yours, alpha."

"Of course, she's mine." Hannibal spoke with all the authority in the world, the knots in Will's stomach loosening so quickly it sent a huff from his lips, "She is my daughter and she's perfect, just like her mother."

The alpha reached between the pair, placing a hand on the child's cheek. Mischa nuzzled away, hiding her face in Will's neck, mumbling a drawn-out possessive whine, "My mumma."

Hannibal chuckled into the night, mumbling in stiff disbelief, "Mano pasaulis. Mano meilės."

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